# BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

E. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, . . . KANSAS.


## AN ARCHITECT'S DREAM.

Within my home in bed I lay,
I had been reading Thackeray;
Some plans I had been looking o'er;
"First story, attic, second floor."

And on this night of which I write,
Whate'er the cause, I saw a sight
That never in my life before
I dreamed to see, or dreamed I saw.

A ruddy dame in costume old,
With lace and ruffles manifold,
Stood fixing me with anxious eye,
While I could neither move nor cry.

At last she spoke: "I've lost my way:
I must be gone before 'tis day.
You are the master here, I know:
Help me. As came I, I would go."

Thereat my courage soon returned,
My guest's dilemma thus I learned;
And whosoe'er this dame might be,
Why had she come to flurry me?

She said: "I came to see from far,
What your famed 'Queen Anne Mansions' are.
Lost in this fearful, wondrous house,
What could I do but you arouse?

"Unseen by all I thought to be,
But thus you could not set me free.
And," added she, "I am not well;
Oh, lead me hence, unloose this spell!"

Quick drawing screen about the bed,
And, huddling on some clothes, I led
My stranger guest upstairs and down—
And could it be I saw her frown?

My stairs are always a surprise,
Twenty-inch "treads," four inches "rise,"
"Thirty-eight steps we've journeyed o'er,
I think," she said, "to reach this floor.

"'Tis well the stories are not high."
"Much quainter so," I did reply;
"My head room is a little low."
She gave a quick, assenting bow.

The second story is my pride:
Rough-cast and gilded work inside,
Lincrusta tiles around the doors,
Broken-green-bottle inlaid floors.

And yet no word she spoke, but trod
As one who's charmed by magic rod,
And when our "gas log" fire blazed,
And the electric light, she stood amazed.

Then I was sure her speech must come,
But when it did I was struck dumb.
For my æsthetic house such words—
Words that might turn sweet milk to curds!

Cried she: "I loathe holes in a floor,
Whence blasts with demon fury pour!
These pipes and cocks and hidden things,
These blinding lights, these startling rings!

"A shingle palace made for show—"
Who told her so, I'd like to know?
"No harmony, nor plan, nor care,
And every thing is everywhere.

"Oh, for the age of stone and men!
The days of stout Vanbrugh and Wren;
Of common sense and good red brick.
Your gilt and gewgaws make me sick."

At this point I could bear no more;
My blood was up, my feelings sore.
"Madam, this house to me is dear.
Its architect—myself—stands here.

"What can you know of Anne or Wren?"
She turned and shook her head, and then
With withering smile: "Thou wretched man,"
She said, "I am myself Queen Anne."

—W. Henry Winslow, in Youth's Companion.

## A BALSAM PILLOW.

### How Brie Earned Money to Pay the Hired Help.

Now that fir needles and hemlock needles have become recognized articles of commerce, and every other shop boasts its row of fragrant cushions, with their inevitable motto: "Give Me of Thy Balm, O Fir Tree," I am reminded of the first pillow of the sort that I ever saw, and of what it meant to the girl who made it. I should like to tell you the little story, simple as it is. It belongs to the time, eight or nine years since, before pine pillows became popular. Perhaps Chateaubriand Dorset may be said, for once in her life, to have set a fashion.

Yes, that was really her name! Her mother met with it in a newspaper, and, without the least idea as to whether it appertained to man or woman, adopted it for her baby. The many syllables fascinated her, I suppose, and there was, besides, that odd joy in a piece of extravagance which costs nothing which appeals to the thrifty New England nature, and is one of its wholesome outlets and indulgences.

So the Methodist elder baptized the child "Chateaubriand Aramintha," making very queer work of the unfamiliar accents; and then, as far as practical purposes are concerned, the name ceased to be. How can a busy household, with milk to set, milk to skim, and pans to scald, and butter to make, and pigs to feed, find time for a name like that? "Baby" the little girl was called till she was well settled on her feet and the use of her little tongue. Then she became "Brie," and Brie Dorset she remained to the end. Few people recollected that she possessed any other name, unless the marriage, birth and death pages of the family Bible happened to be under discussion.

The Dorset's was one of those picturesque, lonely outlying farms, past which people drive in the summer, saying: "How retired! how peaceful!" but past which no one drives in the winter. It stood, with its environment of red barns and apple orchards, at the foot of a low granite cliff whose top was crowned with a fir wood; and two enormous elm trees met over its roof and made a checker-work of light and shade on its closely-blinded front. No sign of life appeared to the city people who drew their horses in to admire the situation, except, perhaps, a hen scratching in the vegetable beds, or a lazy cat basking on the door-step; and they would drive on, unconscious that behind the green blinds above a pair of eyes watched them go, and a hungry young heart contrasted their lot with its own.

Hungry! There never was any thing like the starvation which goes on sometimes in those shut-up farm-houses. Boys and girls feel it alike; but the boys are less to be pitied, for they can usually devise means to get away.

How could Brie get away? She was the only child. Her parents had not married young. When she was nineteen they seemed almost elderly people, so badly does life on a bleak New England farm deal with human beings. Her mother, a frail little woman, grew year by year less fit for hard labor. The farm was not productive. Poverty, pinch, the inevitable recurrence of the same things to be done day after day, month after month, the same needs followed by the same fatigues—all these Brie had to bear; and all the while the child had that love and longing for the beautiful which is part of the artist's equipment, and the deprivation of which is keen suffering. Sweet sights, sounds, smells—all these she craved, and could get only in such measure as her daily work enabled her to get from that world of nature which is the satisfaction of eager hearts to whom all other pleasures are denied.

The fir wood on the upper hill was the temple where she worshiped. There she went with her Bible Sunday afternoons, with her patching and stocking mending on other days. There she dreamed her dreams and prayed her prayers, and while there she was content. But all too soon would come the sound of the horn blown from below, or a call from the house, "Brie, Brie, the men are coming to supper; make haste!" and she would be forced to hurry back to the work-a-day world.

Harder times followed. When she was just twenty her father fell from his loaded hay wagon and fractured his thigh. There was no cure for the hurt, and after six months of hopeless attendance he died. Brie and her mother were left together on the lonely farm, with the added burden of a large bill for doctoring and medicines, which pressed like a heavy weight on their honorable hearts.

The hired man, Reuben Hall, was well disposed and honest, but before Mr. Dorset's death he had begun to talk of going West, and Brie foreboded that he might not be willing to stay with them. Mrs. Dorset, broken down by nursing and sorrow, had become an invalid, unable to assist, save in the lightest way. The burden was sore for one pair of young shoulders to bear. Brie kept up a brave face by day, but at night horrors of helplessness and apprehension seized her. The heavens seemed as brass against which her feeble prayers beat in vain; the future was barred, as it were, with an impassable gate.

What could she do? Sell the farm? That would take time, for no one in particular wanted to buy it. If Reuben would only stay by them they might be able to fight it out for another year, and, what with butter and eggs and the corn crop, make enough for his wages and bare living. But would Reuben stay?

Our virtues sometimes treat us as investments do, and return a dividend when we least expect it. It was at this hard crisis that certain good deeds of Brie's in the past stood her friend. She had always been good to Reuben, and her sweet ways and consideration for his comfort had gradually won a passage into his rather stolid affections. Now seeing the emergency she was in, and the courage with which she met it, he could not quite find the heart to "leave the little gal to make out by herself." Fully purposing to go, he stayed, putting off the idea of departure from month to month, and though true to his idea of proper caution, he kept his good intentions to himself, so that the relief of having him there was constantly tempered by the dread lest he might go at any time; still it was a relief.

So April passed, and May and June. The crops were planted, the vegetables in. Brie strained every nerve. She petted her hens and coaxed every possible egg out of them, she studied the tastes of the two cows, she maintained a brave show of cheer for her ailing mother, but all the time she was sick at heart. Every thing seemed closing in. How long could she keep it up?

The balsam firs of the hill grove could have told tales in those days. They were Brie's sole confidants. The consolation they gave, the counsel they communicated, were mute indeed, but none the less real to the anxious girl who sat beneath them, or laid her cheek on their rough stems. June passed, and with early July came the answer to Brie's many prayers. It came, as answers to prayers often do, in a shape of which she had never dreamed.

Miss Mary Morgan, teacher in Grammar School No. 3, Ward Nineteen, of the good city of Boston, came, tired out from her winter's work, to spend a few days with Farmer Allen's wife, her second cousin, stopped one day at the Dorset's door, while driving, to ask for a drink of water, took a fancy to the old home and Brie, and the next day came over to propose herself as a boarder for three months.

"I can only afford to pay seven dollars a week," she said, "but on the other hand I will try not to make much trouble, if you will take me."

"Seven dollars a week; only think!" cried Brie, gleefully, to her mother, after the bargain was completed and Miss Morgan gone. "Doesn't it seem like a fortune? It'll pay Reuben's wages, and leave ever so much over. And she doesn't eat much meat, she says, and she likes baked potatoes and cream and sweet baked apples better than any thing. And there's the keeping-room chamber all cleaned and ready. Doesn't it seem as if she was sent to us, mother?"

"Your poor father never felt like keepin' boarders," said Mrs. Dorset. "I used to kind of like the idea of it, but he wasn't willin'. I thought it would be company to have one in the house, if they was nice folks. It does seem as if this was the Lord's will for us; her coming is so unexpected, and all."

Two days later Miss Morgan, with a hammock and a folding canvas chair and a trunk full of light reading, arrived, and took possession of her new quarters. For the first week or two she did little but rest, sleeping for hours at a time in the hammock swung beneath the shadowing elms. Then, as the color came back to her thin face and the light to her eyes, she began to walk a little, to sit with Brie in the fir grove, or read aloud to her on the doorstep while she mended, shelled peas or picked over berries, and all life seemed to grow easier and pleasanter for the dwellers in the solitary farm-house. The guest gave little trouble, she paid her weekly due punctually, and the steady income, small as it was, made all the difference in the world to Brie.

As the summer went by, and she grew at home with her new friend, she found much relief in confiding to her the perplexities of her position.

"I see," Miss Morgan said, "it is the winter that is the puzzle. I will engage to come back next summer as I have this, and that will help along; but the time between now and then is the difficulty."

"Yes," replied Brie, "the winter is the puzzle, and Reuben's money. We have plenty of potatoes and corn and vegetables to take us through, and there's the pig to kill and the chickens will lay some; if there was any way in which I could make enough for Reuben's wages we could manage."

"I must think it over," said Miss Morgan.

She pulled a long branch of the balsam fir nearer as she spoke and buried her nose in it. It was the first week in September, and she and Brie were sitting in the hill grove.

"I love this smell so," she said. "It is delicious. It makes me dream."

Brie broke off a bough.

"I shall hang it over your bed," she said, "and you will smell it all night."

So the fir bough hung upon the wall until it gradually yellowed and the needles began to drop.

"Why, they are as sweet as ever—sweeter!" declared Brie, smelling a handful which she had swept from the floor. Then an idea came into her head.

She gathered a great fagot of the branches, and laid them to dry in the sun on the floor of a little-used piazza. When partly dry she stripped off the needles, stuffed with them a square cotton bag, and made for that a cover of soft sage-green silk, with an odd shot-pattern over it. It was a piece of what had been her great grandmother's wedding gown.

*Voila!* Do you realize the situation, reader? Brie had made the first of all the many balsam pillows. It was meant for a good-bye gift to Miss Morgan.

"Your cushion is the joy of my life," wrote that lady to her a month after she went home. "Every one who sees it falls in love with it. Half a dozen people have asked me how they could get one like it. And Brie, this has given me an idea. Why should you not make them for sale? I will send you some pretty silk for the covers, and you might cross-stitch a little motto if you like. I copy some for you. Two people have given me orders already. They will pay four dollars apiece if you like to try."

This suggestion was the small wedge of the new industry. Brie lost no time in making the two pillows, grandmother's gown fortunately holding out for their covers. Then came some pretty silk from Miss Morgan with yellow *filoselle* for the mottoes, and more orders. Brie worked busily that winter, for her balsam pillows had to be made in spare moments when other work permitted. The grove on the hill was her unfailing treasure of supply. The thick-set twigs bent them to her will; the upper branches seemed to her to rustle as with satisfaction at the aid they were giving. In the spring the old trees renewed their foliage with vigorous will, as if resolved not to balk her in her purpose.

The fir grove paid Reuben's wages that winter. Miss Morgan came back the following June, and by that time balsam pillows were established as articles of commerce, and Brie had a magnificent offer from a recently established decorative art society for a supply of the needles at three dollars per pound. It was hard, dirty work to prepare such a quantity, but she did not mind that.

As I said, this was some years since. Brie no longer lives in her old home. Her mother died the third year after Miss Morgan came to them, the farm is sold and Brie is married. She lives now on a ranch in Colorado, but she has never forgotten the fir grove, and the memory of it is a help often in the despondent moments that come at times to all lives.

"I could not be worse off than I was then," she says to herself. "There seemed no help or hope anywhere. I felt as if God didn't care and did't hear my prayers, and yet, all the time, there was dear Miss Morgan coming to help us, and there were the trees, great, beautiful things, nodding their heads, and trying to show me what could be made out of them. No, I will never be faithless again, nor let myself doubt, however dark things may look, but remember my balsam pillows, and trust in God.—Susan Coolidge, in Young Woman's Magazine.

## RAIN-OR-SHINE RIDING.

### A Word of Advice to Ladies Fond of Equestrian Exercise.

There is no need of losing a ride because of rain, and there are pleasures given by a ride in the rain which the "fair-weather rider" never can know—pleasures of sight and of smell, new aspects of otherwise perfectly familiar scenes, which are almost like a new creation. Nor need our coldest winter weather deter any one. A woman has decidedly the advantage over a man in winter, for her skirt acts the part of a muff, and she need never fear cold feet. In fact she need fear no suffering from cold except in her hands. There are no gloves which will keep them warm while they hold the bridle, but a vigorous beating on the horse's elastic quarters well behind the saddle will soon send the warm blood tingling through the fingers to their very tips, and after that they will give no trouble for a long time. As to ears, they will never resist a rub and a quick trot, and once warm they always stay so, as indeed would the hands were it not for the enforced cramped position of the fingers. It is of great advantage here to be mistress of two bridle hands instead of one. A warm double-breasted overcoat should be worn, and then I know of no more exhilarating thing than a fast trot or a rapid gallop over the crunching white carpet, while the loose, dry snow, flung up by the hoofs, or dashed from the trees by the wind, flies in the face like the white foam of the sea, and every muscle of the horse responds to the tingle of the nerves in the sharp, stinging air. The whole atmosphere is cleft through and through by the shafts of light; the bare trunks and boughs of the trees are like beautiful sculptures against the blue: the pines bear at the tip of each branch, as it were, a great white blossom, while the hemlocks sway heavily under their snowy burden, and we ride through all the glory. There is another variety of pleasure in riding through a fast-falling snow-storm, when the whole air is muffled and the horse's feet can not be heard. There is absolute safety from slipping in the "never-slip" shoes, even on glare ice. The horse knows this as soon as he touches his feet to the ground; and as the points in these shoes can be replaced by sharp ones as soon as they are dulled, there is no necessity of having the horse's shoes ruthlessly pulled off every week or fortnight to be sharpened. As also the points can be changed for blunt ones when not on the road, there is no danger of his cutting himself with them in the stable. There is absolutely no trouble with them if the groom be careful not to let them get rusted in, and a little pains every day will prevent this. But, indeed, if your groom be careless, you will be more unfortunate than Francis I. at Pavia, for all will be lost.—Anna C. Brackett, in Harper's Magazine.

## ENGLISH FOLK RHYMES.

### Some That Are Sarcastic and Others Which Are Complimentary.

On the walls of the Newington Church, London, in 1793 was written a rhyme anent the rebuilding of the church without a steeple and selling the bells:

Pious parson, pious people,
Sold the bells to build the steepel:
A very fine trick of the Newington people,
To sell the bells to build the steepel.

Rhymes on steeples are very common: perhaps the best known is the one on Preston, Lancashire:

Proud Preston, poor people,
High church and low steeple.

In a somewhat similar strain is the one on Bowness-on-Windermere:

New church and old steeple,
Poor town and proud people.

Lincolnshire rhymes are very numerous, and a complete collection would almost fill a book. Here are three:

Gainsbro' proud people
Built a new church to an old steeple.

According to the next:

Luddington poor people
Built a brick church to a stone steeple.

A question is put and answered thus:

Boston! Boston!
What hast thou to boast on?
High steeple, proud people,
And shoals that souls are lost on.

The village of Ugley, Essex, supplies a satirical couplet:

Ugley church, Ugley people,
Ugley parson, Ugley people.

A Derbyshire rhyme refers to the inhabitants of four places as follows:

Ripley ruffians,
Butterly blocks,
Swanwick bulldogs,
Alfreton shacks.

Equally severe is the following on the people of the villages between Norwich and Yarmouth:

Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
Southwood swine, and Cantley cats,
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Blighton bears, and Freethorpe fools.

Of Derbyshire folks it is said:

Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred,
Strong in the arm, but weak in the head.

We next give two Kentish rhymes:

Sutton for mutton,
Kerby for beef,
South Darve for gingerbread.
Dartford for a thief.

This is complimentary:

English Lord, German Count, and French Marquis,
A yeoman of Kent is worth all three.

—Chambers' Journal.

—Roast a lemon without burning, and when hot enough cut it and squeeze out the juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Dose, a dessertspoonful when a cough is troublesome.